

DEATH'S A FRIEND.



DEPARTMENT OF THE

D

A

Fri
I v
Let
TH
Ile

A

And
HA
Ch

DEATH'S A FRIEND,
A NOVEL.

BY THE
AUTHOR of the BASTARD,
Ec. Ec.

VOL. II.

Friend to the wretch whom every friend forsakes;
I woo thee death;---In fancy's fairy paths
Let the gay songster rove, and gently trill
The strains of empty joy-- life and its joys
I leave to those who prize them.

PORTEOUS.

L O N D O N:

At the MARY-LE-BONE PRINTING OFFICE,

By J. P. Cooke,

And sold by J. BEW, *Pater-noster-Row*; T. HOOK-
HAM, *New Bond-street*; and T. & J. EGERTON,
Charing-Cross.

M,DCC,LXXXVIII.

DEATH OF A FRIEND

OF

THE

OF THE



D

W

O

I

an
an
by

10

DEATH'S A FRIEND

WILLIAM MELMOTH, *Esq;*

TO

GEORGE HOWARD, *Esq;*

I HAVE been so long silent my
dear Howard because I had not
any thing worth communicating,
and my letters must have been fill'd

VOL. II.

B

with

with a dull uninteresting repetition of the flights, the mortifications, and disappointments I have endured. Mine is not a temper that finds ease or pleasure in venting its discontent; 'tis not from complaint, but action I derive consolation, but my better stars are now predominant, and I have by accidentally meeting with Sir Charles Mordaunt, renewed my former intimacy with him, and found a patron and protector, exactly what I wished,—trusting, liberal, and credulous. I felt some degree of confusion on our first encounter, as I believed it possible that he might have become acquainted

quainted with my former correspondence with Miss Byron, but the joy he expressed at seeing me, soon proved that he was perfectly ignorant of it, and of course my confusion vanished with the cause that first occasioned it. I know that if the motives of my conduct were disclosed, that I should be condemned and reprobated by the whole world; but what is the world to me; I do not stand indebted for one single benefit. I am a being wholly abstracted from the rest of mankind, and was I to forego one advantage, which either fraud, or or force could bring me the enjoyment,

with a dull uninteresting repetition of the flights, the mortifications, and disappointments I have endured. Mine is not a temper that finds ease or pleasure in venting its discontent; 'tis not from complaint, but action I derive consolation, but my better stars are now predominant, and I have by accidentally meeting with Sir Charles Mordaunt, renewed my former intimacy with him, and found a patron and protector, exactly what I wished,—trusting, liberal, and credulous. I felt some degree of confusion on our first encounter, as I believed it possible that he might have become acquainted

quainted with my former correspondence with Miss Byron, but the joy he expressed at seeing me, soon proved that he was perfectly ignorant of it, and of course my confusion vanished with the cause that first occasioned it. I know that if the motives of my conduct were disclosed, that I should be condemned and reprobated by the whole world; but what is the world to me; I do not stand indebted for one single benefit. I am a being wholly abstracted from the rest of mankind, and was I to forego one advantage, which either fraud, or or force could bring me the enjoy-

ment, I should be an enemy to myself; and the wise and prudent will tell you, that he who is so, cannot be any man's friend. Those actions which seem the fairest to public view, would, if the secret springs could be discovered, which first prompted them, lose their merit and appear to be the effect of interest, or self-love. Men talk of the ties of gratitude, I know nothing of them, every obligation which I receive adds strength to my detestation of mankind, by recalling to my remembrance that villainy which made favour necessary. With a heart so ambitiously aspiring, a temper

per naturally haughty, commanding, and fierce, with a strong love of ease, and independance, attached by inclination, and habit, to all the soft elegancies, and luxurious refinements of pleasure, how can I patiently support the loss of all; to owe the scanty enjoyments I possess, to the precarious bounty of insulting friendship, for in that light, my necessities and situation made me feel it. All men are villains, they prey upon one another, and I should pronounce without hesitation, that disinterested kindness did not exist, but Heaven the more completely to destroy, and curse me,

made one man really honest ; equally a sufferer by the vices, and virtues of mankind, it is not possible but I should abhor human nature ; the more intimate my knowledge, the greater my detestation ; poverty has subjected me to insults, which I can never forget, or forgive ; my situation has tended to vitiate a mind, naturally inclined to evil ; and disappointment has afflicted, without amending my heart. Betrayed in love and friendship, scorned by my most intimate associates, the moment that my father's imprudence, and the consequences of it were known, how ardently my

my heart pants, to repay the slights
 of insult, the sneers of contumely.
 Louisa too, the faithless,—the dou-
 bly perjured Louisa, that quitted
 Sir Charles Mordaunt for me, also,
 deserted me, on the knowledge of
 my misfortunes,—mean and inte-
 rested woman, I despised even at
 the first her ungenerous desertion,
 and contempt was the only senti-
 ment it inspired. She has now I
 find returned to Sir Charles, but I
 think I shall be able to supplant him,
 not that I would myself be bene-
 fitted ; I despise her too much, but
 I will make use of those advantages
 I derive from nature, and amply
 satiate

satiate my revenge. I have given
 Sir Charles my history with those
 palliations I thought necessary; but
 I am not so young in the science of
 dissimulation, as to pretend that I
 have passed through life free from
 error. I have affected a candour
 in the disclosure of my faults, and
 by acknowledging the natural fail-
 ings of youth, have escaped the sus-
 picion of greater vices. He seems
 astonished at the evenness of my
 temper, my apparent moderation,
 and fortitude in the midst of my
 misfortunes: my wrongs are re-
 gistered, are printed in indelible
 characters on my heart; nor are my
 purposes

purposes to be betrayed by those uneven starts of temper, which originate from a mind but half wronged, or but half resolved in its purpose.

When we receive a proper
 satisfaction for our labors,
 in the way of heaven, and pursue
 duty, they are expired, and as
 touched for; our duty which con-
 sists of our own change, we
 voluntarily fill the punishment
 of ourselves, it is an additional
 labor.

Henry

HENRY SERMOUR, Esq.

T O

MISS SERMOUR,

WHEN we receive a proper chastisement for our faults, in the eye of Heaven, and humanity, they are expiated, and atoned for; but surely when conscious of our own crimes, we voluntarily inflict the punishment on ourselves, it is an additional motive

motive to render us worthy of pity, and commiseration: that is my case, I have been guilty of an' unpardonable frailty, but believe me, my dear Olivia, that Seymour never requires from others a punishment for his offences, he avenges them on himself, with a most rigorous, inflexible justice. A slave to a passion the most tender, that ever animated the human heart, I vainly imagined that it was not in the power of Heaven further to afflict me; but I was mistaken, I had not then been instrumental to my own misfortunes. I had no cause for remorse

or

for self-accusation, and though miserable, I was conscious that I merited to be happy; how different now are my feelings, and how far more insupportable is the recollection of the criminality of my conduct, even then those distresses which love had inflicted on me; the satisfaction I should otherwise have enjoyed from the remembrance of that compassionate tenderness you blessed me with at our last interview, is now poisoned, and embittered by the horrid thought, that I have rendered myself undeserving of it; could I ever believed it possible that any
action

action of mine would make me
 hateful to you ; that I should love
 you to the excess that I do, is the
 natural consequence of your beau-
 ties, and perfections, and cannot be
 considered as my crime. Yet Oh !
 my Olivia if possible forgive me,
 and when you think on the fatal,
 the curst infatuation which for a
 moment deprived me of my rea-
 son, also reflect on the vengeance
 I took upon myself; remember that
 the sight of you can alone soothe
 me to peace, and I have forced
 myself to a perpetual, an eter-
 nal banishment : you might have
 avoided the lover, but the relation

had always a right to be with you,
 nor could you have deprived me
 of it; I have for you; I have
 resigned the sight of you for ever :
 and if you was but sensible of
 the struggle between my feelings,
 and what I know to be right,
 you would not consider the sa-
 crifice as trivial. Surely the part-
 ing of the soul and body must
 be light in the comparison; our
 strength is then impaired, and how-
 ever much may be said of the
 pains of dying, weaken'd and
 languid by illness, the approaches
 of death are almost imperceptible,
 and our final dissolution, more
 pleasing

pleasing than painful: but in the full vigour of health, and reason, to be torn from every thing that is dear to us, *that* is indeed horrid, the first only consigns us to an eternal forgetfulness, and a blest insensibility, but this awakens our feelings to madness, and rouses them to our destruction, and the ruin of our peace. Did not religion, (for sure it is not cowardice) withhold me, I would not any longer exist, any longer strive against passions, which are too powerful for me to overcome, and in the perpetual conflict between which and my reason, I lose my health,

happiness, rest, and quiet. Olivia
 I would die; with what a tranquil joy, should I embrace the instrument of death, how welcome it to my heart, that would pant and spring forward to meet it. Oh my God! that made me, this poor, frail, weak, imperfect wretch that I am, who leavest even the wisest of us in uncertainty, respecting the end of our being, is self destruction by thee considered as a crime, or is it the artifice of priesthood, or specious argument, which ever delights in disputation, and imposing on the credulity of the mind, that has

first

first considered and represented it as sinful ; over the life of another, nature and reason tells me I have not any right, I know not what his prospects are, I know not what happiness he enjoys, or what he communicates to others : but with myself, surely the case is different. I look round the world, I find myself a poor, forsaken, solitary being, that no one has any interest in, was I at this moment to cease to exist, I know not that there would be one tear paid to my memory, and in a few days, all would be, as I had never been. I examine my future prospects ;

pects; all are darkness, despair, desolation. I am a mere blank in society, I cannot conquer my passions to be happy myself, or to be conducive to the happiness of others; the few friends that I possess, are either irritated at my weakness, or afflicted at my wretchedness. I would not willingly, and knowingly, violate the laws of Heaven, I would live eternally wretched, sooner than free myself from it by guilt: but if misled, and blinded by prejudice, and error, I consider as criminal, an action that is in itself blameless; Oh my God! in the anguish
of

of my heart I implore, that you would lighten that darkness, and teach me your real will: my own reason tells me, that the action is in itself innocent, nay in some circumstances even commendable, but I am too much the slave of custom, to dare to swerve from its dictates. The law of Heaven is invariably the same, the difference of climes cannot alter the principles of mortal right and wrong, yet in every nation of the peopled earth, their ideas respecting vice, and virtue differ: how is that to be reconciled, and why have the weakness, the presumption to, imagine,

gine, that ours alone are right, and that all the rest are misled by error.—But my dear Olivia I beg your pardon for this unmeaning dissertation, I involve myself in perplexity and doubt, when I wish for the clear conviction of reason. Alas! I am in every thing, equally weak and irresolute; pity me then Olivia, and as a proof that you have forgiven me: favour me with a line to confirm it. If you was sensible of my feelings at this instant, I am confident you would not refuse.

CHARLES

CHARLES MACKENSIE, Esq.

TO

HENRY SERMOUR, Esq.

WHEN you informed me of
your intention of returning
to London, to take a last farewell
of Olivia, I should undoubtedly
have used every argument in my
power to have dissuaded you, if
you had not taken the precautions
you did to prevent your being
troubled with my advice and im-
portunities.

portunities. I shall be entirely silent with respect to your last interview with Olivia, it would be cruel to condemn your conduct, when your own heart is so fully sensible of having acted wrong. My dear Seymour if I was labouring under any difficulty, or distress, which it was in your power to relieve me from, would you not exert your every faculty, and strive almost against impossibilities to serve and assist me. I am sure you would, the doubt would be an injustice to you, do as much at least for yourself, do not sit down contentedly with misery ;

fery; for God's sake exert your reason, look on your passions as the most deadly, dreadful enemies you have, that every art should be employed, to triumph over, and subdue, yet I will not say your passions, for they are in some measure necessary to rouse the mind to action, and save us from weariness and lassitude, but they should be kept under some restriction, or they entirely ravage, and destroy, what they were only meant to animate; turn all yours against that unhappy, fatal propensity, to which you have so long been a slave, you need not fear the be-
ing

ing hurried into any extreme; I know your nature and disposition fully, there is one passion which alone can destroy you, one alone that you can feel to any dangerous excess, to the rest you may grant a full indulgence. I by no means approve your having relinquished your first intention of travelling, I will acknowledge that the effort might, and would be painful, and that labouring under the dejection and grief which now oppresses your heart, that the very thoughts of engaging in company, or scenes of pleasurable amusement is hateful, but I am convinced it would be

be
ret
wil
a
in
be
con
soci
wor
diff
dra
idle
but
for
that
base
thou
Vol

be efficacious; forsake the solitary retreat that you have chosen, which will only nourish, and strengthen a passion, which even setting it in a religious light, it ought to be your wish, and endeavour to conquer; enjoy the pleasures of society, mingle again with the world, engage in every scene of dissipation, you can with ease withdraw from the tumultuous, and idle pleasures of levity and folly; but use them now as a remedy for love, as an antidote against that passion, which breaks, and debases your heart. When alone, your thoughts have but one object, me-

VOL. II. D mory,

mory, and reflection are your enemies, they strengthen what ought to be eradicated from your mind. I vainly flattered myself, that your feelings were too lively to be lasting, and that your passions were more violent and impetuous, than durable; I hoped when the first storm of grief had subsided, that you would by degrees regain your tranquility and indifference, I was unfortunately mistaken, for I see in you a more settled gloom, and fixed despair, which gives me ten thousand alarming apprehensions; we are not, my dear Henry, born solely for
our-

ourselves, we owe a great deal to
 the world we live in, but more
 especially to those friends, who
 are interested in our happiness;
 You are particularly calculated for
 society, your disposition, your ge-
 nius, even the very excess of your
 passions makes you more amiable.
 I am convinced you would not
 purchase your own gratification at
 the expence of anothers felicity:
 why then will you be just to the
 rest of mankind, and only re-
 gardless of yourself: the whole
 world had better unite against you
 than those destructive dangerous
 feelings, which every hour gain

additional strength, and render you more, and more averse, even to the desire of conquering them: engage in some pursuit, no matter what; force yourself to appear interested, and in time you will be really so: weary, fatigue yourself, do not give way to indolence, when the body is harraffed, the spirits must be exhausted, and the feelings of the mind more languid. You cannot be more wretched than you are at present, surely there must be a pleasure in grief, that you will not endeavour to free yourself from it: your want of resolution is the cause

cause of half your misery : rely
 on the advice of a friend, who
 is too sincerely interested in your
 happiness, not to endeavour to per-
 swade you to pursue, what is most
 likely to be conducive to it.

Sir CHARLES MORDAUNT,

Colonel MENFIELD,

DO not condemn me my dear
Menfield, my resolution is
at last vanquished; all my resent-
ment against Louisa has subsided,
I forget that she has been faith-
less, and only remember that she
is lovely: my grief, my despair
is at an end, my conduct too has
ceased

ceased to be unjust, and restored
 to happiness myself, I wish to
 communicate it to all around me.
 I am no longer that wild unprin-
 cipated libertine I once was, I
 look back on my past actions,
 and blush at the depravity of them.
 Oh! Edward it is only Louisa
 that has power over my soul, I
 am not in reality actuated either
 by vice or virtue, and as my former
 baseness was occasioned by her
 perfidy, so my present detestation
 of it, is owing to that peaceful
 calm, and delightful serenity which
 the consciousness of her tenderness,
 gives me; it is not the result of
 reason,

reason, but impelled by tenderness. I am merely what she makes me.

I have long since communicated to you my wish to discover a young gentleman of the name of Melmoth, his Father was the most intimate friend of mine, but on his death, left his son entirely unprovided for, I had ever for him a sincere regard, mix'd with that veneration which a consciousness of his superior virtue inspired, and softened by that commiseration which we feel for the unfortunate; he died whilst I was at Paris, and
the

the esteem which I felt for him, I should have transfered to the Son, but my most diligent enquiries could never discover him. I heard that he had left England, but could not gain any other certain intelligence, 'till yesterday I accidentally met him; I was surprized, and pleased at seeing him, but he was greatly embarrassed. Good God! my dear Menfield, what is there so humiliating in misfortunes, that our understanding, and natural pride, nay more, even the consciousness of virtue cannot support, and save us, from the confusion they occasion. His
 embar-

embarrassment disconcerted me : I had approached him with the freedom of friendship, and expressed, what I really felt, the sincerest pleasure at seeing him, but there was a something in his manner which checked my joy ; it did not appear to originate from any distrust of me, or doubt of the sincerity of my professions, it seemed occasioned by the emotions of his own mind, by a diffidence which merit ought never to feel, let it be placed in ever so humble a situation, 'tis the offspring of a false shame, but which our slavish deference to fortune, and total disregard

regard of merit if destitute of it, has first taught us to feel, and strange to say the most enlightened, generous minds feel the most sensibly their own inferiority, and are humbled by the want, of that which they in reality despise; but all the arguments of reason are totally unavailing, we acknowledge their truth and conviction, but our feelings are still the same, and ever retain their power to confuse, and distress us.

Mr. Melmoth's prospects in life were once happy, he had the expectation of a genteel, if not an affluent

affluent fortune, he had every advantage that birth, and a liberal education could bestow, and was only disappointed in the attainment of fortune, by the generous, though misplaced, and ill-requited confidence which his Father had bestowed on an undeserving object; the very circumstance which occasioned his ruin, exalted him in the opinion, and endeared him to those, who were the admirers of his virtue, not flatterers of his wealth: they whose pretended esteem originated from that motive desisted from farther importunities, and professions of regard: 'tis true
it

it reduced the number of his friends to a very small circle, yet human nature was not so totally depraved, to leave him destitute of any; there was not to the mercenary, and self-interested, any thing to hope, but the more liberal minded also knew that there was not any thing to fear: he had undone himself, from a perhaps, mistaken principle, yet still that mistake was virtue. The generality of the world might condemn the imprudence of the action, but I ever did, and shall venerate that heart, who disdains to listen to its cold cautions, and acts from

the feelings of benevolence, and generosity; and had I known no more of Mr. Melmoth, than merely his Father's history, I should studiously endeavoured to have obtained his friendship, and to have obviated every distress which the too great liberality of his parent occasion'd. But I wander from the subject: It was sometime before he was perfectly familiar, and unreserved, but his restraint by degrees wore off. I have every reason to believe that he inherits his Father's virtues, and it shall be my chief study to save him from his misfortunes: He has revealed

to

to me every circumstance, and occurrence of his life, since I last saw him, he speaks of his faults with candour, and there is an open ingenuoufness in his manner, and apparent love of truth which has greatly prejudiced me in his favour. He is not more than twenty years of age, his personal appearance remarkably prepossessing and engaging, his understanding good, and greatly improved by education; his disposition complacent, but too apt to take offence, and impatient to the highest degree of the least appearance of insult: his faults, (though to do him justice, I have

only discovered one, which is a too great impetuosity of temper) are owing to the peculiar severity of his destiny. There is a great deal of life and fire in his countenance, which is not unpleasingly blended with an appearance of melancholy and dejection; it overcomes the force of too great animation, and softens a vivacity which I never think pleasing, when carried to a great extreme.

I have been very particular in my description, but I wish to interest you in his favour: though I am certain when you see him,

his

his own merit will secure your
esteem.

Adieu my dear Edward, with me
joy of my double acquisition, a
restoration to peace, tranquillity,
and love, and the attainment of
a sincere friend.

HENRY SERMOUR, *Esq.*

TO

CHARLES MACKENSIE, *Esq.*

WHAT do you tell me,—Olivia has been at the point of death. She has been dying, and at that moment when hatred and resentment subside, when we regard the offences of others with pity and forgiveness, and reflect on our own with regret and anguish, when we feel a commiseration for the grief of those

those friends that our loss would render wretched, I was even then forgot, unpitied by her. She did not form a wish to see me ; ah ! too well she knew that I could not have survived her loss. Gracious God ! why do I give way to this weakness, why do I not overcome the despair and horror, which I first felt on hearing of her illness, could even the cold grave place a stronger barrier between us than already exists. Death itself could not more effectually divide us.

But she is now you tell me out of danger, yet oh Mackenzie I fear my
reason

reason will never recover the shock it has received. I repeat to myself eternally, "She is well, she is happy."—I read that part of your letter a thousand times a day which assures me of it, yet I cannot conquer the horror it first occasioned. Why do these chimerical evils affect me. I have sufficient to torment without the aid of fancy ;—weak, very weak is your friend, surely all his faculties are absorbed in his heart.

WIL-

WILLIAM MELMOTH, Esq.

T O

Miss B Y R O N.

AFTER being betrayed, and
abandoned, after your total
forgetfulness of that passion, you
once honoured me by avowing, af-
ter seeing the blest, the envied Sir
Charles Mordaunt, treated with the
softest, the most flattering distinction,
wherefore does the wretched, the
forsaken Melmoth, molest you with
the

the complaints of a breaking heart. Ah! why does he vainly seek to draw your attention from scenes of gaiety, delight, and pleasure from the triumphant consciousness of superior beauty, or from the more soft, more fascinating thoughts of mutual affection. Can he hope that his despair will be either regarded or heard; your heart fortified against the anguish of his, will hear his complaints with indifference;—reproaches he cannot make you; perhaps you may pity, but that can no longer contribute to my ease; there was a time when happy only in seeing you, your commiseration was the

the
hop
me
Oh
bles
I t
othe
tion,
mea
you,
term
in lo
objec
have
Sir C
you

the summit of my most ambitious hopes; 'twas yourself that taught me to look higher; you bad me. Oh! Louisa, even aspire to the blessing of possessing you, nor can I tamely relinquish it what in other circumstances were presumption, is now but justice, 'twere meanness, twere baseness to resign you, nor can you condemn a determination which has its origin in love. Surely I was once the object of your choice, how then have I forfeited that distinction, Sir Charles was not then beloved; you heard of his approaching dissolution

solution with indifference, you also
 knew that 'twas for yourself he
 was dying; 'tis impossible for
 any heart to be so lightly change-
 able: some motive which I can-
 not penetrate, a punishment per-
 haps for some involuntary unknown
 crime, may have induced you to
 this barbarous revenge; had you
 fixed on any but Mordaunt, I
 had believed you sincere, and died
 in silence: but I again repeat 'tis
 impossible he can be beloved. Oh!
 then in pity cease an affectation
 of fondness, I am perswaded you
 cannot feel, and by resuming your
 former

former behaviour to your adoring
Melmoth, speak peace to a heart
that is well nigh broken:

HENRY SEYMOUR, *Esq.*

T O

CHARLES MACKENSIE, *Esq.*

WHETHER it is the conviction of reason, or the more powerful voice of despair, I know not, but your unhappy friend is at last fully sensible of the necessity, and convinced of the innocence of self-destruction: do not start my dear Charles, before you receive

receive this, I shall be no more;
 number'd with the silent and peace-
 ful dead, I shall enjoy a sweet
 oblivion from thought, a respite
 from despair and misery, and a
 forgetfulness of all that once agi-
 tated, and almost broke my heart,
 believe me I wish to be equally
 forgotten, you are the only one
 that my distresses ever affected, or
 that the sudden horror of my fate,
 is likely to occasion pain too: to
 all the world besides it will only
 cause a momentary surprize, which
 will soon be succeeded by indif-
 ference: but let me conjure you
 not to think too hardly of

[me; do not call it weakness, or cowardice: perpetual, and eternal grief, human nature cannot support, the conflict of my passions distracted me, I endeavoured to overcome them, I failed in the attempt, and they now have obtained a complete, and unlimited dominion; their reign is absolute and unbounded, death is the only way to escape their tyranny, and to that I must have recourse. I shall not, will not, enter into any argument for the justification of the action, if innocent it does not need, and if criminal, 'twill only heighten and aggravate the guilt. I wish every

one

one to act from their own feelings, and what their principles, and conscience point out as wrong, studiously to avoid, and not suffer themselves to be misled, by the specious, but sometimes mistaken reasoning of others. The world may, and I doubt not, will condemn me, but from you I expect justice; you Charles who are acquainted with my every thought, must know, that however weak and irresolute I may be, that I am incapable of purposed and deliberate guilt, and did not my own feelings point out to me the absurdity of considering an effort to

escape from pain, and misery as a crime, I would still bear with it. If I am mistaken, I trust in the mercy of my Creator, that he will not impute my ignorance to a willful violation of his Laws: but I swear my dear Mackensie, that on that subject, my thoughts are entirely tranquil and composed. I shall not inflict pain on any human being, by this voluntary desertion from existence; you are the only one that it will in the least affect; and I think when you consider the peculiar misery of my destiny, you ought rather to rejoice, than grieve; the fatal passion

sion to which I am a slave, has alienated the heart of every other friend, they consider me as a wretch, lost to myself, to my family, to society, and the world in general; and I am convinced could my dissolution be effected, without reflecting what they may consider as a disgrace on themselves that it would occasion satisfaction, and not pain. Why should consideration for the mistaken opinions of a world which I despise actuate me, and overcome my reason, and my wish for peace: let my conduct be imputed to what motive it will, I am perfectly indifferent:

different: let it be considered as the effect of melancholy, desperation, or madness, why should I regard it: the most inveterate, and sarcastic satire, or the most flattering Eulogy of praise, are equally lost, on the cold, the silent, the insensible dead; even in life I despised censure, and whilst I could reconcile my conduct to my heart, disregarded their opinion, who can only judge from appearances; without being able to penetrate the motive: and shall I now begin to regard it; that would indeed be ridiculous. Heaven knows I have struggled
 against

against my passion, I have opposed
 to it my reason, religion; both
 have been ineffectual; I have en-
 deavoured by recalling to my ima-
 gination her indifference, and con-
 tempt, to awaken my pride, and
 learn in my turn to despise her:
 to what now then can I have
 recourse, both the virtues and weak-
 nesses of my heart I have sum-
 moned to my assistance, and love
 still maintains an absolute sway.
 Ah! that cruel commiseration which
 she expressed at our last interview;
 it eternally haunts my mind, I
 again see her tears, I hear the
 plaintive tone of her voice, I hear
 the

the soft, the flattering declaration that she never would be anothers, without my consent. My consent! Ah! Olivia could I ever agree to my own destruction, you shall not need the request, your Seymour must either be selfish, or miserable, death shall dissolve the obligation, and free you from a promise, I had no right to exact, and which might possibly induce me to be unjust. How strangely inconsistent am I grown; 'tis Olivia which has given me this distaste of life, which has occasioned that despair, that will terminate my existence, and yet

it

it is the eternal separation from her that I regret; never to see her more. Oh! my dear Olivia, shall I never, never, again behold you; but wherefore should I wish to see her: our cruel relationship has not more effectually prevented our union, than her indifference and hatred have barred the social feelings of the mind: I wish for her friendship; but her heart recoils from me with horror; and she avoids me with trembling and aversion: barbarous and unjust. Yet Oh, regardless as she has ever been of me, may she never hear the cause of

of my death ; may her tranquility, never be for one instant disturbed ; a thousand times I have been tempted to write to her, to pour forth all the anguish of my soul, could I give that vent to my feelings, 'twould make my death more easy ; but it must not be. I am sensible of the impropriety of that wish, and as her peace is in question, can with ease suppress it. Yet Oh may this last, most fervent prayer ascend to Heaven : may she be blest ; may every enjoyment of love, and friendship be hers, let happiness result from every engagement, and

and pleasure be her constant attendant; may the man on whom she bestows her heart, feel for her the same ardent disinterested fondness, as does your wretched friend: but the subject overpowers me; for the first time, my eyes are bearing testimony of my weakness, but as it will also be the last it may be forgiven.

Adieu my dear Mackenzie, think me not so wholly lost in love, as to have been insensible to your friendship. Adieu for ever: the draught which will be my passport

port to peace, and to eternity
is already taken. Heaven protect,
and bless you. Farewel.

WILLIAM

WILLIAM MELMOTH, *Esq.*

T O

GEORGE HOWARD, *Esq.*

EVERY thing is in train, I shall at last satiate the strongest passion of my soul; revenge—I have wrote to Louisa, have dared boldly to avow my claims, and to swear never to relinquish them; this has forced me into her notice; she seemed before not

G 2

only

only willing, but absolutely to have forgot the promises, the sacrifices she has made me; but it did not suit me to be equally forgetful. I have disturbed the tranquillity of a heart, of which I know the baseness, whilst I affected an air of distant sadness, whilst she thought me consuming with the agonies of jealousy, and disappointed passion, she was perfectly regardless, and treated my rival with such attention, that had I really loved her, would have drove me to some act of desperation; but when I dropped the meek, the silent sufferer, and assumed

sumed the tone of reproach, and the firmness of spirit, she was startled. She knows it is in my power to ruin her with Sir Charles, she has therefore condescended to sooth and flatter with an appearance of love, a heart that sees through all her artifices, and which is too well fenced in with dissimulation ever to be the dupe to another.

I have been introduced to a Miss Seymour that I really admire, her fortune, her connections would be in every respect advantageous, nor do I fear the accomplishment of my views: there has been a something rather mysteri-

ous in the former part of her life, which I shall studiously endeavour to penetrate. I have already attacked her with that distant, awful homage, so flattering to her sex, and yet so destructive, for whilst we appear completely in their power, 'tis but as the surest means of placing them in our own. I have partly avowed my love, nor have I been unfavourably received. She has not long been recovered from a dangerous illness, which perhaps may have given an additional softness to her disposition.

Though

Though engaged in a variety of pursuits, though following each with as much ardour, as if the well being of my existence depended seperately on their accomplishment, strange, and inconsistent as it may appear, nothing in reality interests me, they are too narrow for my genius: the attainment of a woman, who from youth and constitution, is likely to yield to any man who thinks her worth a serious pursuit, and the imposing upon a man whose credulity is so great that he believes even impossibilities, are no exertions to me. Louisa alone

rouzes

rouzes me from this torper of feeling: she shall be mine, that at the instant of possession, I may tell her I despise her, and expose her to the sneers of affected virtue, and the contumely of concealed guilt. Infamy is the punishment decreed for perfidy like hers, and shame shall agonize that heart which misery could never affect, and the sufferings of others could never reach: was she capable of feeling, my revenge would be more exquisite, as I could then make her suffer the torments of slighted love. But I believe I am mistaken, one pang would then absorb

absorb every other, and she would be insensible to the horror of contempt; but now she will be stung by the humiliating recollection that she has been the victim to a man she never loved, and has fallen a sacrifice to her own dissimulation.

She already consents to private meetings, she suffers me to lie at her feet, to press her hand, sometimes to kiss her; by degrees she will be familiarized to greater freedoms. My own sensations are as cold as death towards her, I am not likely to defeat my scheme

by

by the impetuosity of passion, tho' the affectation of it may in a future time be serviceable: do not imagine that she has given up Sir Charles; I know the lady better than to harbour such a supposition. She has assumed more reserve towards him in her public conduct, but he is too happy, too tranquil, not to be in private recompensed, I doubt not but he then receives the same marks of kindness as I do: let him, I am perfectly content it should be so; 'twill make his disappointment the severer, I am sure of getting the start when it suits my own inclination

clination, and am at present satisfied to run our course together. It is not that I am conscious of any superiority in point of person over Mordaunt, It is not that I am more skilled in the arts of seduction than he, but he really loves her, he will be either yielding to the impetuosity of passion, and by that means place her on her guard, or he will omit seizing an opportunity, which might be propitious from timidity, and the dread of offending, whilst I shall coolly, patiently wait 'till certain of success, and can lead her on from step to step to ruin, with
the

the calmness, and deliberation of a stoic. Love is the greatest enemy to our success with woman, if it prompts us to attempt its gratification, we proceed with so awkward, so embarrassed an air, that we awaken her to a sense of the impropriety of yielding.—I love the sex, but it is not the indulgence of sense I seek with Louisa, I consider her not as a woman that is to be instrumental to my pleasures, but as a victim to my revenge; scarcely can I bend my proud soul to the attentions, the humiliations requisite. When I fall at her feet, I exult in the idea,
that

that it will soon be her turn to kneel. Ah! Howard the very instant that puts her in my power, shall reveal to her the man she has dared to injure, and has presumptuously flattered herself she has deceived; then shall I enjoy her confusion, her grief, then shall the dread of punishment, rend her heart with all those horrors, she once imagined mine endured from disappointed love, then shall she find me equally regardless, and destitute of pity; her mind is as haughty, as arrogant as my own, contempt will as deeply wound her: the idea awakens a faint

VOL. II,

H

gleam

gleam of pleasure, surely the power
of avenging injuries is the highest
of human enjoyments.

HENRY

HENRY SEYMOUR, Esq.

T O

CHARLES MACKENSIE, Esq.

TO receive another letter from me, after the last I wrote, must astonish you: I imagine you concluded me dead, in fact my dear friend I can scarcely say I live: but to explain the mystery; an over anxiety for destruction, counteracted the possibility of

H 2 it,

it, and made my sufferings more severe, but less efficacious; debilitated in body, enervated in mind, broken in spirit, if that can be called life I am still in existence. I crawl about more like a spectre than a man, you would start with horror were you accidentally to encounter me, and consider me as an inhabitant of that world, I made so desperate an effort to enter; you cannot image to yourself so emaciated a figure, the emotions of my mind are pourtrayed in my face, wild, irregular, and wretched, I know not why I was preserved; providence could not be interested in

in the fate of such a wretch as I am, and though I have escaped death, the guilt of the intention is fully mine. I blush at the extravagances I have committed; the frenzy, (which ever since I heard of Olivia's illness) that has so transported me, is in part subsided, my mind is more tranquilized, and though I own I feel regret, for the disappointment of my late attempt, I have not resolution for a second effort.

Oh, ever bountiful, ever just Creator! now shew thy mercy to the most forlorn of beings; now

H 3

whilst

whilst these pulse scarcely beat ;
 whilst this heart but faintly vi-
 brates even at the recollection of
 its most adored object, while every
 nerve is unstrung, whilst the im-
 becillity of infancy has a second
 time invaded both mind and body,
 whilst I seem starting into a new
 existence, eradicate from my soul
 all traces of what would destroy
 me, banish every weak, every de-
 structive idea, awaken me to for-
 titude, piety, and peace, and I
 will adore, unceasingly adore, thy
 heavenly bounty.

I suffer more than is to be ex-
 pressed.

pressed. Oh! could, Olivia behold this shadow of my former self, those wild passions which awakened her fears, and disquietude, so totally extinct, she would now regard me with pity; poor meagre, melancholy wretch, she would say, thou didst indeed love me, fatal and bitter, have been the effects of it to thee. Fatal, indeed Olivia; those prospects, those hopes, which ought to animate youth for ever lost to me: let me not reflect on what I am; let me imagine myself happy. Philosophers, and Moralists would have us believe that all bliss is ideal; let me extend

tend this belief a little further,
 and conceive all misery to be
 so too. Thou faintly beating,
 yet thou troubled heart, ye tremb-
 ling hands, trembling with pain
 and weakness, why do you con-
 tradict that assertion; why do you
 speak in so forcible a language,
 why so clearly evince, what I
 should be too blest to be enabled
 to doubt.

Sir

Sir CHARLES MORDAUNT,

TO

Miss H A R C O U R T.

MUST I be always offending,
and soliciting forgiveness;
dearest Emilia pardon me; it was
but a seeming neglect in which
my heart had no share, that ever
dwells with pride, and pleasure on
the dear certainty of being per-
mitted to call you friend; sweet
name; in which is comprehended,
every

every thing that blesses, and adorns human-nature, in which all the tenderness, all the charms of society is centered: let the world my Emilia ridicule the idea of platonic love, which is but another name for friendship between the different sexes, I will maintain, and affirm from experience, that it is the softest, truest sensation of which we are capable; our views, our plans in life are so opposite, that no jealousy can intervene to disturb our tranquility, you can forgive, and overlook in the friend, what would have excited your resentment in the lover,

lover, we can judge with candour of each others merits, and that soft, that exquisite sympathy, which insensibly attaches us to those of a different sex, renders the tie more strong; more gentle, and far more endearing: is not this true; does not your own heart accord to what I say, and is not the friendship you feel for me, more animated, more sincere than you ever before experienced. I judge from myself: I have had attachments, I have received, and have conferred obligations, but had friendship ever till now such power to interest and to fascinate. Wretch
that

that I am; why cannot I be satisfied with feelings so tranquil, and yet so delicious; why suffer myself to be enslaved, and misled, by keener, but less pleasing sensations.

Return, my dear Emilia, your long absence from town makes me uneasy; I long to see, and to embrace, the most amiable, and most generous of women.

CHARLES

CHARLES MACKENSIE, Esq.

T O

HENRY SEYMOUR, Esq.

MY dearest, but cruelly inconsiderate Henry, how much horror would your first letter have occasioned, but by a fortunate mistake in the post, I received that, and your last at the same time; but you must no longer be trusted with yourself; every thing gives

VOL. II. I way

way to my regard and friendship,
and almost as soon as you receive
this, I shall embrace the man, for
whom my most fervent prayers
are daily offered.

WILLIAM

WILLIAM MELMOTH, Esq.

T O

GEORGE HOWARD, Esq;

YOUR letter Howard I have
this instant received, and had
it not excited my contempt,
it possibly might have awakened
that spirit, you affect to doubt
my possessing: you allow my re-
sentment against Louisa to be just,
you blame me not for consulting

I 2

my

my own advantage, or gratification, you condemn only the means; open force you say is more generous than fraud; possibly it may be so; but say, thou ideot, or thou madman what should I obtain by it, I should place those on their guard whom I wish to deceive; an avowed enemy is generally an impotent one, in my case I should be wholly so, I should own myself a villain, and for ever lose all, that induces me to be one; if by force I could succeed, force should be employed, but fraud is my only weapon, 'tis my armour, my shield, my defence
 against

against detection; let those who are destitute of my abilities, have recourse to open violence, for me, I enjoy the pleasures of vice, with the respect, and the regard that is paid to virtue: you I suppose would have me say to Sir Charles: I despise your friendship, I am conscious that I have basely injured you, and that were I really known, you would abhor me, that you would call candour; for my part I cannot make those subtle distinctions that you abound in. Vice, is vice, be it pursued in what manner it will, and surely a successful villian is less infamous

than an acknowledged, and despised one; we both agree in our principles of action, let us not quarrel on the means, but this believe that those are the wisest, which are the most sure, and safe; if you are stabbed, is it of any moment to you, whether you receive the wound in the dark, or in the light.

The idea of dependence works my soul to 'madness, was I born to servitude? you too must be the echo of Sir Charles's generosity, curses on the word: you ask me why I hate him; ignorant, unknowing

unknowing of the human heart,
 wherefore that question; have I
 not injured him; is the regard
 which he professes paid to myself,
 or to the character I have assu-
 med; does not every obligation he
 confers, rend my soul with shame,
 and increase my detestation: must
 I not be subject to his contempt,
 his scorn, was I really known to
 him; does not every friend he
 has, conceive themselves privileged
 to insult, because he protects me;
 is not the constant unwearied theme,
 the nobleness, the liberality of his
 nature, and then every eye turned
 on me, as a living monument of
 the

the truth of their observations: do they not all, tho' silently express: stand up thou poor dependent wretch, and echo your benefactor's praises; from what has Sir Charles acquired his fame for generosity, solely from his bounty to be. 'Tis I then that have decked him with the gaudy titles, of just, noble, beneficent; and what has he in return conferred; has he given me those graces of person which I possess, no, for those I am indebted to nature; has he given me that strength and solidity of mind, which once attracted general regard, no, study application

plication have there stood my friends; has he taught me the necessity of hiding my sentiments, of concealing my purpose 'till I could fully effectuate it; no, that bitter lesson was taught me by adversity, by poverty, and by a soul that recoils at the idea of dependence: where then are those benefits that call for my gratitude, or my esteem; I will tell you; the liberty of stalking thro' his house, unnoticed, unregarded: a bare wretched existence; deprived of all that can make it valuable, ease, equality, and independence; more his slave, than those that wear his livery:

my

my mind is to be under controul, my sentiments, my understanding must be limited to his, and every one would start as at a monster, was I to rebel against my benefactor, by daring to oppose my will to his.

An acquiescence to all he says, a perfect conformity of opinion, a second in every argument where his folly would be likely to expose him to derision, and a voucher for the truth of every lie, whether of malice, or of vanity; these are the little concessions which are expected to be paid, as a slight
equiva-

equivalent, for the weighty obligations conferred. Sir Charles you say, shews none of this; perhaps not, but it is what is demanded of my situation.

I was insensible of the advantages resulting from fortune, 'till deprived of it; young, unknowing in the baseness of mankind, I was surprized to find what used to be styled the impetuosity of a noble spirit, converted into an arrogance which ought to be corrected; to find that the most trivial indiscretion was constructed into a crime: but I soon profited by
the

the hard instruction. I from that instant abhorred human nature; I turned all my thoughts within myself, and there centered every regard, every affection. I resolved from that moment to consult only my own interest, my own pleasure, to consider mankind but as they promoted the one or the other; and never to be duped by an outward shew of affection, sufficiently to yield a return from my heart; habit has made the task reason enjoined, perfectly easy. I once loved Louisa, but her desertion instantly cured me; tho' virtue cannot excite my regard, tho'

tho' kindness cannot awaken mine,
 tho' confidence could never meet
 with a return, yet I despise and
 execrate unfeeling falshood, as much
 as if my own heart was free from
 it; and I think myself absolved
 and justified, for every revenge I
 can take against her.

Every thing succeeds beyond even
 my most sanguine expectations.
 Miss Seymour listens to me with
 the most tender complacency, and
 I am perswaded that Louisa will
 be mine, the moment that I think
 proper; but I shall defer the com-
 pletion of my project, 'till I have

perfectly secured Miss Seymour: her Father possibly may object to my want of fortune, not that I expect he will obstinately refuse her, as he has repeatedly declared he would never controul his daughter, only endeavour to direct her by his advice. In answer to the latter part of your letter, "Whether if I was to acquire independence, I could quit (what you are pleased to term) my habit of dissimbling." I will only ask you if you would have me be such an ungrateful dog, as to discard the friend that had procured me those blessings, when no further

ther serviceable; would that be
 consistent with your notions of
 moral rectitude; for my part I
 dont think my conscience would
 admit of it: but to be serious;
 believe me I never embraced falshood, solely from a love to vice,
 but had allways something to conceal, or some point to gain, which
 I could not effect without having
 recourse to it. I am not so much
 artful from nature as from necessity, and tho' I have the skill to
 assume any 'semblance which can
 promote my wishes, yet free me
 once from this galling chain, which
 at present oppresses, and sinks to

my very soul, and I would disdain to wear any character but my own.

Unsocial in some degree by nature, the treatment I have received, has created in me almost an antipathy to mankind: think me not so much the slave of vanity, as to repine that I am not the object of universal complacency and regard; let me be hated for my vices, shunned, or disliked for any thing that may be thought disagreeable in my person, or manners, and it would awaken no resentment in me; but to find
myself

myself despised, and avoided, solely because I am unfortunate, to perceive the most zealous of my former friends, the most pointed in their contempt, to find myself without any crime of my own but merely from an accidental change of fortune, at once estranged from the world, at once deprived of every blessing which results from society, considered in so humiliating, so degrading a light, that eternal solitude would be Heaven to any intercourse with my own species; 'tis that which preys so strongly on my mind. I will assert the dignity of human nature,

and however apparently depressed, will convince every proud heart that dares to despise me, that fortune originally intended me as their equal, and nature their superior.

Miss

Miss H A R C O U R T.

T O

Sir CHARLES MORDAUNT,

WHAT an elaborate discourse
in praise of friendship my
dear Sir Charles, you have fa-
voured me with; and after all,
you frankly avow that it has no
power over you. Secondary affec-
tions in a heart like yours are of
very little value, to one feeling
you

and however apparently depressed,
will convince every proud heart
that dares to despise me, that for-
tune originally intended me as
their equal, and nature their su-
perior.

Miss

Miss H A R C O U R T.

T O

Sir CHARLES MORDAUNT,

WHAT an elaborate discourse
 in praise of friendship my
 dear Sir Charles, you have fa-
 voured me with; and after all,
 you frankly avow that it has no
 power over you. Secondary affec-
 tions in a heart like yours are of
 very little value, to one feeling
 you

you are entirely a slave; and tho' you may accuse that sensation of misleading, 'tis the only one that in reality either interests or pleases you. I however compound for a little inconsistency from you. I know your faults, and yet have granted to you a portion of my esteem, I have therefore taken from myself even the privilege of complaining. As to leaving the country, I shall not for a considerable time. The town has few inducements for me, and this place has many; the verdure of the fields, the freshness of the air, the cheerful serenity of every object
 around,

around, exhilarates my spirits, and conveys to my own breast, a portion of that pleasure, which all existence appears to enjoy.

That in the midst of every blessing, I remember you, this letter is a proof; and that I truly, and ardently wish you every felicity, I believe you know me infinitely too well to doubt.

HENRY

Miss SEYMOUR,

T O

HENRY SEYMOUR, Esq.

HOW severe a task it is to give
pain to a heart, when from its
attachment we derive all our power.
A thousand times, I have taken up
my pen and laid it down, and even
now I can hardly summon resolu-
tion to inform you, what may create
uneasiness,—cruel, unhappy, pre-
possession.

possession, which by giving more than I could receive, has deprived me of the blessings I should otherwise have enjoyed in your esteem and friendship.—My regards, my tenderest wishes for your health and happiness have been ever yours, and even at this moment I suffer all that I am going to inflict :—but not to keep you in suspense——

My father's desire is, that I should marry, and I can no longer refuse him, but my promise to you is sacred, your consent then I solicit. In a few days, Mr. Melmoth, (the gentleman on whose account I write) will

will be with you. If then my dear Sir you have fortitude to relinquish what every law forbids, and what you never could possess, grant me to him.

I have been very ill, but requested my brother to conceal it from you, least it should create additional pain; ah why was I fated to distress one I was born to reverence and esteem, and whose merit entitles him to happiness.

H E N.

HENRY SEYMOUR, Esq.

TO

Miss SEYMOUR.

THE preparation Olivia of your last letter was unnecessary, but it was kind, and therefore I am indebted to you; the first line convinced me of what I was to expect, let me haste then to comply with your request; over what was never mine, I have not, nor cannot have

VOL. II. L any

any power of controul; you are free to chuse, and though my affection has undone myself, it shall not enslave you.—Save me then from an interview with Mr. Melmoth, and mock me not with the idea, that it is in my power to prevent your union.----What have I said ----not for worlds, not even for the possession of yourself, would I be a bar to your happiness.

You know Olivia your marriage cannot be any thing to me. I shall never see you more; a mere change of name cannot affect me. You will still be dear to me; nay, I shall

shall have an additional motive for content, the thoughts that you are blest, perfectly, completely blest: I would sacrifice myself to insure or promote it.

But save me I beseech, I conjure you in pity to save me, from an interview with Mr. Melmoth.

WILLIAM MELMOTH, Esq.

T O

GEORGE HOWARD, Esq;

I Have ventured to ask Mr. Seymour's consent for an union with his daughter; and after some prudential scruples, which were over-ballanced by his weakness, that he is pleased to term parental affection, I have the free
privi-

privilege of seeing her when I please.

Sir Charles indeed stood my friend in the matter, eternal curses seize him, can I not then enjoy any satisfaction, but what is embittered by the consciousness that I owe it to him: but judge Howard of my astonishment, when I flew with eagerness to Miss Seymour, to inform her that her Father had authorized my addresses, and to intreat her to allow me to fix a speedy day for our nuptials, to find her confused, and evidently disconcerted. She told

me that her Father's consent would not avail, as she had promised never to marry without her Uncle's; this appeared to me ridiculous, and inconsistent; but conceive my rage and confusion, when I learnt, that this Uncle is a very few years older than myself; that the relationship between them, owing to some family concealments, was very lately known to either; and that before their consanguinity was discovered, he was the most ardent, and zealous of her admirers. I concealed my sensations from her, and coolly told her, I would solicit her Father to request

request his acquiescence to our marriage ; but how was every emotion of rage redoubled, when with still greater embarrassment, she declared her Father was ignorant of the promise she had given, and she would herself demand his permission. I insisted with some warmth on myself solliciting it, to which she tho' unwillingly agreed. I shall be enabled to form some judgement from his manner, of what may have passed between them : what right could he have to exact such a promise, and what could have induced her to give it.

I am

I am half distracted; but I will assume an appearance of patient, dull credulity, I would not have her penetrate the suspicions, that have invaded my heart.

To-morrow I leave London, to visit the love-lorn Hermit, for such the once spirited Harry Seymour is become.

I suppose that you conjecture that every thing is settled with Louisa, by my having brought the other affair to a crisis.

I have out of pretended friendship, revealed to Sir Charles, the
advance

advances she made me: fortunately, I had some tolerably animated letters of hers, to prove the truth of what I advanced, and which were wrote in such an imprudent style, as to expose *only* herself.—I avowed that had I been ignorant of his regard, I certainly should have given way to the lady's inclination, but every thing gave way to friendship, and gratitude for obligations, such as he had conferred; there was sentiment: that best disguise of a corrupted heart; he was greatly shocked; but imprecated the vengeance of Heaven

ven on himself, if he ever spoke to her again, even to upbraid her.

You may guess the female artifices, that were played over by Louisa, when I first revealed my purpose: never did I see such a rapid succession of different emotions: doubt attended with amazement was the first, but when from the cool sarcastic turn, of my countenance and expressions, she was convinced of the truth of what she had heard, then honour and undissembled rage, broke through the boundaries of prudence: what a myriad of execrations she heaped
upon

upon me, but when she found that all the storm was lost on me, that it only exhausted her own spirits, and agonized her heart, without in the least affecting mine, she sunk into a sullen silence; then came my turn to speak: I recapitulated every part of her conduct, her falshood, her avarice, her meanness, her cruelty; I pointed out the different artifices she had used to delude me, and to which she vainly imagined I was the dupe: I proved to her, that her own vices, her own disingenuity, not mine, had occasion'd her ruin; that had she shewn even com-

mon

mon feeling for the agonies I affected to suffer from her falshood, that I would have forgiven all that before had passed—one part of her punishment however, in consideration of what I saw her suffer, I promised to remit, I would not expose her to general infamy; but that I had too great a regard for Sir Charles, to suffer him to fall a victim to her arts: I should therefore undeceive him, and I added, that as she wished me to persevere in the lenity I had promised not to attempt again to delude him; as she must know that I had letters of hers, which would effectually

tually prove every thing I thought proper to advance. Fears, and fits succeeded, in the midst of which I left her, nor have I seen her since. I hear she means to go abroad, but wherever she goes, may shame and disappointment, be her constant attendants.

I have her now completely in my power, nor will she dare to expose me to Sir Charles; 'tis impolitic to punish to the full extent of our power, as we then lose all hold over those, who we can no further injure; but now the dread of what I can still do, will make

her bear in silence the injuries
she has already sustained.

Sir Charles may now wear the
willow, and if I find Mr. Seymour,
as perfect an Enamorata as he is
represented, they will be fit asso-
ciates for each other.

Miss

Miss S E Y M O U R,

T O

HENRY SEYMOUR, Esq.

HOW readily, how joyfully
would I have complied with
your request, had it been in my
power; the person you wish to
avoid seeing, has already left Lon-
don, nor is it possible to prevent
the interview.

Sir CHARLES MORDAUNT,

T O

Miss HARCOURT.

CHARMING Emilia will you attend with patience to what I wish to say ;—may I expect from your friendship, and regard, that pleasure which you only can give ; a formal declaration of passion might offend, but if the most tender, unfeigned affection, can entitle me

to

to hope that you will one day
 • bless me by uniting your fate to
 mine, I shall consider myself as
 the most fortunate, the most blest
 of men; my heart that has too
 long fluctuated between the do-
 minion, that your unaffected beauty,
 and gentle virtue possessed, and the
 grossness of a mad, irregular pas-
 sion, reflects on its former weak-
 ness, with horror, and despair, and
 yields every faculty a slave, to
 your mild unassuming sweetness:
 nor can I ever wander; though
 reason cannot of itself form an at-
 tachment, 'twill ensure, and per-
 petuate one already formed.

M 3

I will

I will not presume to intrude into your presence, yet say but the least word, give me but the slightest reason to suppose, that the sight of me will not offend, and you shall instantly behold at your feet, the most ardent, and tenderly attached of men.

Miss

Miss H A R C O U R T,

T O

Sir CHARLES MORDAUNT.

WHAT new disappointment,
or rather what disagree-
ment, has taken place, between
Sir Charles Mordaunt, and Miss
Byron, that he again addresses the
language of love to me; reflect how
great a sufferer I once was, by
too

too easily yielding belief to your protestations; and excuse my present incredulity; was I again to confide: a reconciliation, with the only object you ever loved, would once more betray me to disappointment and grief: the warmth of your language, has forced me to wear a serious reserve to which I have not been accustomed, when writing too, or speaking of you; yet if the country has any attractions, be assured that I shall consider your society as an addition to the charms it already possesses: but if you ever esteemed me, I beg you to
meet

meet me only as a friend, on
no other terms, can I with plea-
sure receive you.

CHARLES

CHARLES MACKENSIE, Esq.

TO

WILMOT SEYMOUR, Esq.

'T IS dreadful to me my dear
Sir to be under the cruel
necessity of conveying intelligence
which will shock and distract you.
Your Brother is no more: the im-
petuous fury of a young man of
the name of Melmoth, has de-
prived him of existence. Some
jealousy

jealousy which he had conceived at the unfortunate Henry's former attachment to your Daughter, drove him to this act of brutal outrage, in every respect unfeeling, and unfair, as Mr. Seymour was by no means recovered of an illness, which had a short time before nearly proved fatal. I know not the exact circumstances of the quarrel, as the first intelligence I had, was the sight of your Brother bleeding, and expiring: the murderer has made his escape, and even if he had not, our laws are too favourable to duelling, and as there was no witness, 'tis impossible to prove
which

which fide gave the provocation.

Adieu! my dear Sir, accept of my sincere condolance, and believe me I taste an equal part in your distress.

WILLIAM

WILLIAM MELMOTH, Esq.

T O

GEORGE HOWARD, Esq;

CURSED be the rash impetuosity
 of my heart, and the un-
 erring fury of my hand: all my
 schemes, all my hopes are vanished.
 I have murdered Mr. Seymour, and
 must abscond to preserve a wretch-
 ed existence, which is by my own
 VOL. II. N folly,

folly, deprived of the joys of love and independence.

When I was first announced, the agitation which was apparent in his countenance, and manner awakened: or rather confirmed those suspicions that were before awakened.

After some little common place chat respecting the weather, roads, &c. we entered into a more particular conversation; every word he said increased my jealousy. I abruptly required to know, why
 she

she had given him the promise of not marrying but with his consent unknown to her Father; the question appeared to startle him, but he made me no direct answer: I again repeated it; but he only replied by the interrogatory, of why I was so curst importunate on so trifling a subject. My pride and passion were roused; I considered myself as the dupe of an artful wanton; and hesitated not to tell him so: never shall I forget the fury that animated him, we fought; but his warmth put him off his guard, and he fell

almost immediately. I made my escape, and have now sufficient leisure to execrate my undiffembling rashness; the most gloomy prospects open upon me: to my former poverty, and distress I must return: the blood of the unhappy Seymour is on my head, and presses heavily on my soul: yet he is at rest; his memory loved, and lamented; whilst I, who am suffering every evil, am only thought on to be execrated; 'tis too much to be borne. Oh! that I could lose the remembrance of the past; I might then perhaps summon fortitude

(137)

titude to support, the horrors of
the present.

F I N I S.